

PAGE 1

**SPLASH PAGE:** An image that is, of course, all too familiar to us all: The Hulk, in the midst of the Division, slugging it out with the Abomination. They are in one of the labs in the Division, and a ton of stuff has already been smashed to crap. Mist is rising up around them (for added atmosphere) from broken vials of chemicals as the two green behemoths are pounding the snot out of each other.

BALLOON 1: This is not a game.

CREDITS:

PAGE 2

**PANEL A:** We have the same image from the Splash Page, except it's now evident that this is in the form of a slide image being projected against a wall. Stepping into view is a man we'll call the SECRETARY. He is a senior advisor to the President of the US. He is stern, mid 50s, thinning hair, a salt-and-pepper beard. Since he is now standing in front of the image, he would be breaking up the visual so that part of it is being projected against him.

SECRETARY 1: This is, instead, a matter of national security.

SECRETARY 2: The President wants me to make a determination about this individual...

**PANEL B: He points at the Abomination.**

SECRETARY 3: Emil Blonsky. Known to all and sundry as the Abomination.

SECRETARY 4: And currently enjoying the hospitality of the Federal Penal system, courtesy of some brilliantly designed hardware courtesy of Stark Industries.

**PANEL C:** Reverse angle to reveal that the Secretary is addressing a group of about a dozen men and women, some wearing suits, some wearing army uniforms indicating they're high-ranking officers. The room is darkened (naturally, since they're watching slide) so we can see that they're all seated

**around a large, long table, and for the most part their faces and bodies are in shadow. We simply have a sense that they're there.**

SECRETARY 5: Depending upon who you talk to, the Abomination is a sociopath. An engine of destruction and an implacable enemy of all we hold dear.

SECRETARY 6: Or...he represents a potential *boon* for American interests.

**PANEL D: Close on the Secretary, who has now stepped forward so that he no longer has a picture projected against him. He is visibly reacting with some surprise.**

OFF PANEL 7: I'd like to meet some of the individuals on the "boon" side of the argument...

SECRETARY 8: Oh?

OFF PANE 9: Yes indeed, I would. And then...

**PANEL E: Angle on Thunderbolt Ross. He is standing and holding a cigar in one hand and a lighter in the other.**

ROSS 10: I'd like to take a 2 by 4 and smack them upside the head a few dozen times.

PAGE 3

**PANEL A: Exterior, the Pentagon, just to indicate where this particular discussion is taking place.**

FROM WITHIN 1: I take it, General Ross, that you would tend to fall into the "He's still a threat and should be destroyed" camp.

FROM WITHIN 2: And this is a *government* building. You're not allowed to smoke in here at all.

**PANEL B: Back to the same interior as before. Ross takes a deep drag on his cigar.**

**PANEL C: Ross puff out a smoke ring.**

ROSS 3: Courtmartial me.

ROSS 4: You asked me to this little braintrust gathering, Mr. Secretary. You said you wanted to give a report to the President.

ROSS 5: And I'm *telling* you...

**PANEL D: He points his cigar at the image of the Abomination.**

ROSS 6: Emil Blonsky cannot be trusted! He's a menace! The monster that you see on the outside...

ROSS 7: ...accurately reflects what he is inside.

SECRETARY 8: *Really.*

ROSS 9: Yes, really.

**PANEL E: The secretary holds up a file holder.**

SECRETARY 10: Interesting, considering I have your original assessment of Blonsky right *here*...

SECRETARY 11: ...when you first interviewed him for an administrative position in the Division.

**PANEL F: Tight on an annoyed Ross as the secretary says from off panel...**

OFF PANEL 12: Do you remember what you *said* back then?

PAGE 4

**PANEL A: And we're into flashback territory. Ross is shown in the same angle as he was at the end of the previous page. He is, however, smiling. He looks a few years younger (if we have some way of subtly conveying that. He does not have the cigar in his mouth. Also, whereas the background in the conference room sequences is basically heavy shadows, here we're actually in an office, with the appropriate backgrounds.**

ROSS 1: Very impressive, Blonsky. *Very* impressive.

David/DESTRUCTION #1

**PANEL B: Two shot, the office. Emil Blonsky, pre-Abomination, is seated opposite Ross. He is smiling and even looks vaguely charming. He is leaning back and has his legs crossed. Ross is seated behind a desk.**

BLONSKY 2: Thank you, sir. And please, call me "Emil."

ROSS 3: Okay.

BLONSKY 4: And I should call you...?

ROSS 5: "General Ross."

BLONSKY 6: Okay.

**PANEL C: Ross is holding up papers that we can assume contain test scores, interview and the like.**

ROSS 7: Your psychological profiles, the interviews, your general scientific knowledge...

ROSS 8: Have to say, it's a little bit ironic, Emil.

BLONSKY 9: How *so*, General?

**PANEL D: Angle on Ross.**

ROSS 10: Not all that long ago, with the cold war and all...and what with you being a Russk...a Russian...

ROSS 11: I'd have been convinced that you were trying to worm your way into the Division just to spy on American interests.

ROSS 12: *Funny* how things change, isn't it.

**PANEL E: Angle on Blonsky, smiling thinly.**

BLONSKY 13: Hilarious.

**PANEL F: Ross and Blonsky, facing each other.**

ROSS 14: Yes.

**PANEL A:** And we're out of flashback. Ross, in the same position as he was at the end of the previous panel, is facing the photographic image of the Abomination (it can be a different image from what we saw initially as we assume that another image has been thrown up on the wall), who is in turn facing Ross in profile. So basically we're carrying over the image from the end of the previous page.

ROSS 1: Yes. I remember.

**PANEL B:** The Secretary speaks to him from the darkness.

SECRETARY 2: And you were...what? Wrong?

ROSS 3: Yes.

SECRETARY 4: Wrong *then*? Or could you be wrong *now*? After all...

**PANEL C:** A piece of paper is slid across the table to Ross. It has a picture of Blonsky on it, and a large rubber stamp of "APPROVED" upon it. And the words: "JOB TITLE: DIRECTOR."

OFF PANEL 5: He wound up becoming your boss, didn't he.

OFF PANEL 6: Coasting on *your* recommendation, he "wowed" the brass and talked them into putting him in charge of the Division.

OFF PANEL 7: A position you thought was *assuredly* yours. So that may have left you resentful.

**PANEL D:** Same angle as Ross taps ashes onto Blonsky's picture.

ROSS 8: We're all busy people, Mr. Secretary. Let's cut to the chase.

**PANEL E:** The picture of Blonsky burns.

ROSS 9: What have you got cooked up for Blonsky?

**PANEL F:** The secretary, holding up a slide clicker, presses it.

SECRETARY 10: Funny you should *ask*.

SECRETARY 11: This artist's rendering should answer that.

PAGE 6

**PANEL A: In the picture, the Abomination is dressed in battle gear. In the middle of Baghdad, he's marching through the city with Saddam Hussein held high over his head. Saddam is struggling to no avail, and he is surrounded by Iraqis throwing rose petals in his path and cheering. Ross is looking up at it, appalled. This should be the largest panel on the page.**

SECRETARY 1: No commitment of 150,000 troops. No American lives lost.

SECRETARY 2: Imagine dropping the Abomination into the middle of hostile terrain, pointing him toward a target, and saying "Fetch."

SECRETARY 3: If he can be retrained...molded into what we want him to be...

SECRETARY 4: ...he could be a Godsend. At least, that's the thinking in the DOD.

**PANEL B: Angle on Ross.**

ROSS 5: If someone *sent* him, you'll have to look somewhat *lower* than God. As for the DOD's "thinking..."

ROSS 6: ...with all respect, they should have their heads examined by a good psychiatrist.

**PANEL C: The Secretary holds up a photograph of Doc Samson.**

SECRETARY 7: Ah. You're referring to someone like *this*...?

PAGE 7

**PANEL A: And now we're back in flashback, and we see...not a photograph...but a close-up on Doc Samson himself.**

OFF PANEL 1: Doctor Leonard Samson.

OFF PANEL 2: Thank you for agreeing to drop by here at the Division

**PANEL B: We pull back to reveal that Doc is being escorted by heavily armed soldiers. They, along with Blonsky, are walking along a corridor in the Division. Walking to Blonsky's right is Mercy.**

DOC 3: "Agreeing to drop by." Interesting way to put it...

DOC 4: ...considering the soldiers and your "charming" assistant here indicated I wasn't being given any *choice*.

BLONSKY 5: Yes, well...Mercy can be very convincing.

DOC 6: Mercy. Is *that* her name?

**PANEL C: Angle on Mercy addressing Doc.**

MERCY 7: Abigail Mercy Wright, if you *must* know. Sorry I didn't take the time to *introduce* myself.

DOC 8: It's understandable. Since your opening gambit was, "Come with us or these men will open fire on you," the polite introduction ship had already sailed.

**PANEL D: Blonsky addresses Doc.**

BLONSKY 9: *Curious*. You were dosed with gamma radiation, Doctor...same as the Hulk. You retained your intelligence, and you're nearly as strong as he.

BLONSKY 10: I'm surprised you'd be *afraid* of being shot at.

**PANEL E: Angle on Samson, looking off pane and apparently surprised.**

DOC 11: Actually, my *only* concern was that the ricocheting bullets would hurt your men...

DOC 12: Good lord. What are *those*?

**PANEL A: Back in the Al Milgrom days of “Hulk,” there was this group of gamma-irradiated creatures living in the desert who were mutated back when the Hulk was. If you wouldn’t mind digging up the visual reference, I’d like to see a couple of these creatures in a glass-encased enclosure. Samson is looking at them.**

BLONSKY 1: Ah. Funny you should ask.

BLONSKY 2: They were found hiding in caves in New Mexico...in the exact testing area where the original gamma bomb was detonated...

BLONSKY 3: ...and first transformed Robert Bruce Banner, the bomb’s creator, into the incredible Hulk.

SAMSON 4: And what right do you have to *cage* them like this?

**PANEL B: Exterior shot, the Division, so we have some idea of what the outside of the facility looks like.**

FROM WITHIN 5: What “right?” Doctor Samson...the study of mutants in general and gamma-irradiated beings in particular is the *entire* reason the Division was established.

FROM WITHIN 6: In fact, I have made my life’s work out of studying the effects of gamma rays on—

**PANEL C: Angle on Samson, looking at Blonsky with a smirk.**

DOC 7: --man in the moon marigolds?

**PANEL D: Blonsky isn’t smiling.**

BLONSKY 8: You know, Doctor...that little joke simply gets funnier *every* time I hear it.

BLONSKY 9: That was the...oh, the *hundredth* time, at least.

BLONSKY 10: And by the way...

**PANEL E: He leans in toward Doc. Doc doesn’t flinch.**

BLONSKY 11: Bruce Banner’s reckless, slapdash methods unleashed the most destructive creature on two legs the world has ever known.



BLONSKY 12: And we have reason to believe *you* are offering him aid and succor...

BLONSKY 13: ...making you, in the eyes of the law, an *accessory* to *billions* of dollars in property damage.

**PANEL F: Tight on Blonsky, looking very unpleasant.**

BLONSKY 14: Laugh *that* off, Doctor.

PAGE 9

**PANEL A: He stabs a finger at Samson.**

BLONSKY 1: Consider yourself an indefinite guest of the US government, Samson. You are going to *stay* here until I'm satisfied that you've told us everything you know about the Hulk.

BLONSKY 2: How he *thinks*. What makes him *tick*. How he's so blasted *strong*.

DOC 3: Why do you *care* so much, Blonsky?

**PANEL B: Angle on Blonsky. He looks a bit defensive.**

BLONSKY 4: It's my job to care.

OFF PANEL 5: Really.

**PANEL C: Angle on Samson, looking grimly confident.**

DOC 6: I've seen your type before, Blonsky. You claim "scientific interest," or that it's your job, when the *truth* is...

**PANEL D: Tighter on Doc.**

DOC 7: You just want to use the Hulk's power for your own goals. In fact...

DOC 8: ...you probably wish you had it *yourself*.

**PANEL E: Again he points a finger at Doc.**

BLONSKY 9: You know *nothing* about me.

**PANEL F: Doc leans in toward his finger.**

DOC 10: I know if you point that finger at me one more time, you'll be able to scratch your head from the *inside*.

**PAGE 10**

**PANEL A: A scientist comes sprinting down the corridor toward the group.**

SCIENTIST 1: Mr. *Blonsky*! General Ross wants you in the observation room, immediately!

BLONSKY 2: I'm busy at the moment. Tell the General he'll have to wai—

**PANEL B: Closer on the scientist.**

SCIENTIST 3: It's the *Hulk*, sir!

BLONSKY 4: (o.p.) *What's* the Hulk?

**PANEL C: Blonsky and the others reacting with concern.**

OFF PANEL 5: He's in the city, on the rampage.

**PANEL D: Blonsky, Mercy, and the soldiers run down the corridor. Samson doesn't follow, and Blonsky shouts over his shoulder.**

BLONSKY 6: Put Samson in a *holding cell* until I have time to question him!

**PANEL E: The soldiers are looking nervously at Doc. His arms are folded. He's half-smiling.**

DOC 7: By all means...

DOC 8: ...try.

**PANEL A: Blonsky charges into the observation room, which has various scientists at monitor stations and a large observation screen mounted on the wall. Mercy is following him.**

BLONSKY 1: I'm here.

**PANEL B: Angle on Ross, standing in front of a viewscreen. And WE SEE the Hulk is standing there, raising a car over his head, roaring in fury. People are running.**

ROSS 2: Imagine my *relief*.

ROSS 3: Don't worry, Blonsky. This is the kind of scenario best left to the *professionals*. I have troops moving into position to contain him...

**PANEL C: The Hulk throws the car, sending it bouncing down the street. Blonsky points.**

BLONSKY 4: If you were capable of *containing* him, General, he'd be in a holding facility somewhere. Hell, he'd be *here*!

BLONSKY 5: Instead it's your historic *inability* to contain him that's allowing him to run *rampant* in the streets!

BLONSKY 6: Face facts, General. You're *weak*, in both fire power and imagination.

**PANEL D: Angle on Ross, looking angry.**

ROSS 7: And you're *stronger*? Is *that* it?

**PANEL E: Angle on Blonsky, looking intense.**

BLONSKY 8: I appreciate what strength can *do*, and know there's no point in holding *back* if you have it.

**PANEL F: Tight on Ross.**

ROSS 9: If you believe in strength without *restraint*...

ROSS 10: ...you're no better than the Hulk.

PAGE 12

**PANEL A: And Mercy suddenly speaks up. Ross is looking at her suspiciously.**

MERCY 1: Samson has escaped.

ROSS 2: How do *you* know?

MERCY 3: I'm supposed to know.

ROSS 4: That's *no* answer.

**PANEL B: Blonsky takes her by the shoulders, looking urgent.**

BLONSKY 5: It's the only answer you need right now, General.

MERCY 6: He overpowered the guards easily, and simply tore a secured exit door off its hinges.

BLONSKY 7: And where is he now? Any idea?

**PANEL C: Ross is pointing.**

ROSS 8: You don't exactly have to be Kreskin to figure *that* one out, Blonsky.

ROSS 9: Look.

**PANEL D: Samson is on the screen, struggling hand-to-hand with the Hulk.**

CAPTION 10: "That's the thing that Blonsky never understood..."

PAGE 13

**PANEL A: We're back in the briefing room. A shot of the Abomination struggling with the Hulk is up on the wall.**

ROSS 1: Strength in the service of others is commendable.

ROSS 2: Strength for the sake of strength itself...it's a *waste*.

ROSS 3: Samson *understood* that.

**PANEL B: Angle on the Secretary.**

SECRETARY 4: And Samson—during Blonsky’s tenure as Division director—got his head handed to him by the Hulk, didn’t he.

**PANEL C: Angle on Ross, holding up Samson’s photograph.**

ROSS 5: Leonard Samson has a Ph.D. in psychiatry, and a Class-A investigative mind.

ROSS 6: If he has a *weakness*, it’s that his lofty ideals make him somewhat *naive* in the workings of the world.

**PANEL D: Closer on Samson’s photograph.**

ROSS 7: (o.p.) He’s a close friend of Bruce Banner’s, and felt that if he could reach into the Hulk’s psyche—access Banner himself—

ROSS 8: (o.p.) --he could end the Hulk’s rampage quickly, simply and peacefully.

ROSS 9: (o.p.) A good plan...

PAGE 14

**PANEL A: We’re back in the scene as Doc is being tossed aside by the Hulk as if he’s a poker chip.**

CAPTION 1: “...but one that was somewhat lacking in the execution.”

**PANEL B: Doc crashes into a lamppost.**

DOC 2: *Unffff!*

**PANEL C: Doc is staggering to his feet, leaning against the lamppost.**

DOC 3: Bruce! I know you’re in there! You have to *listen* to me!

PAGE 15

**PANEL A: The Hulk grabs up another nearby car.**

OFF PANEL 1: You have the *will power* to gain control of the Hulk!

**PANEL B: The Hulk crumbles the car into a ball.**

OFF PANEL 2: None of this is *necessary* if you'd only—

**PANEL C: The Hulk throws the large metal ball directly at Samson.**

OFF PANEL 3: *Uh* oh.

PAGE 16

**PANEL A: Samson breaks off the lamppost.**

DOC 1: You know *what*, Bruce? You only get *out* of therapy...

**PANEL B: Samson swings the lamppost, knocking the ball right back at the Hulk at even higher velocity.**

DOC 2: ...what you put *into* it!

**PANEL C: The huge ball slams into the Hulk at top speed, knocking him off his feet and sending him flying.**

**PANEL D: Angle on Samson, looking pleased.**

DOC 3: And the crowd goes wild.

**PANEL E: Back in the control room, a wide-eyed Blonsky is watching fascinated...hungrily...**

BLONSKY 4: (whispered) Astounding...

BLONSKY 5: (whispered) What I could do with that sort of strength...

PAGE 17

**PANEL A: Several tanks are rolling down the street. The lead tank guy is visible peering out the hatch. He's got a small camera mounted on his shoulder.**

TANK LEADER 1: Keep an eye out, men! According to base, the Hulk could be anywh—

**PANEL B: The Hulk comes hurtling through the air and smashes into the lead tank.**

TANK LEADER 2: Base! We found him! Repeat, we *found* him!

**PANEL C: The monitor screen back at base. Ross is speaking into a headset as, on the screen, WE SEE THE HULK and he's roaring right into camera.**

ROSS 3: We roger that! Try to drive him toward the water!

ROSS 4: *Careful! Careful!*

**PAGE 18**

**PANEL A: We're back on the scene as the Hulk, perched up on the front of the tank, is roaring right at the stunned tank leader, who has his gun out and pointed at the Hulk's face!**

TANK LEADER 1: He's right on *top* of me! P-point blank range!!

**PANEL B: And suddenly a pair of hands grabs the Hulk from behind. It's Doc.**

DOC 2: I wouldn't shoot him in the face if I were you, soldier.

DOC 3: You'll just *annoy* him.

**PANEL C: Doc, hauling the Hulk off the tank, goes down in a tangle of arms and legs with the Hulk.**

DOC 4: Besides...we've still got *time* left in our *session*!

HULK 5: *Raaaaaarrrrrrr!!!!*

**PAGE 19**

**PANEL A: Just to reestablish our framing sequence, we're outside the Pentagon.**

FROM WITHIN 1: How did you *do* it, Samson?

**PANEL B: Interior, and Leonard Samson—standing in a darkened room, is turning around and looking over his shoulder.**

DOC 2: General Ross. This is a surprise...

DOC 3: All right. Actually, it's *not*.

DOC 4: How did I do *what*?

**PANEL C: Ross is standing in the doorway leading into the room.**

ROSS 5: That day when Emil Blonsky hauled you into Division headquarters, and you wound up taking on the Hulk.

ROSS 6: I know for a fact that, later on, you met up with Banner at some deserted church on the outskirts of town. How did you let Banner know the time...the place...

**PANEL D: Samson looks at him guardedly.**

SAMSON 7: I haven't the faintest idea what you're—

ROSS 8: Samson, it was a long time ago, you have my word you *won't* get in trouble. Consider it...professional *curiosity*.

ROSS 9: *How?*

**PANEL E: Samson half-smiles.**

SAMSON 10: Post-It note. I'd been communicating with Bruce via e-mail, but I lost contact with him.

SAMSON 11: So I stuck it in the Hulk's hair. He didn't notice it. But when he eventually calmed down and transformed back to Banner, as was inevitable...

SAMSON 12: ...he *found* it in there.



**PANEL A: Ross gestures for Samson to follow him.**

ROSS 1: Very clever.

ROSS 2: Come with *me*, please.

**PANEL B: Samson follows Ross down a long, darkened, moody corridor. Samson glances around.**

DOC 3: I see the military isn't big on paying its *electric* bills.

ROSS 4: It's the weekend, Samson. We cut back on unnecessary lighting.

DOC 5: Yet *you're* here.

ROSS 6: No rest for the weary.

**PANEL C: Close angle on Samson.**

DOC 7: I'd heard it as "no rest for the wicked."

**PANEL D: Ross glances over his shoulder as he speaks.**

ROSS 8: As it so happens, the wicked is wide awake as well.

ROSS 9: You'll have the opportunity to experience that *first-hand*.

DOC 10: (o.p.) Meaning what? Why was I *summoned* here, General?

**PANEL E: Different angle, Ross walking toward us, Samson following.**

ROSS 11: You're here at *my* recommendation, Samson...

ROSS 12: ...since you happen to be the *go-to* guy when it comes to how the twisted minds of monsters work.

DOC 13: I'm flattered, I guess.

**PANEL A: They're approaching a large, vault-like door. There's a keypad next to it. Near the vault, unassuming, drawing no particular attention to himself, is a janitor with his back to us, sweeping the floor. This janitor is actually Bruce Banner, but we reaaaaally don't want to draw attention to that.**

ROSS 1: You're here to interview someone and provide the DOD and Pentagon Brass your professional opinion as to whether a particular individual...

ROSS 2: ...could serve as an operative for United States interests.

DOC 3: There's some concern that this person might not be *reliable*?

**PANEL B: Ross taps a code onto the keypad.**

ROSS 4: There's concern that this person might, in fact, switch sides, given the opportunity.

ROSS 5: That we could send him in after some dictator or drug lord, and the next thing we know...

ROSS 6: ...he's *running* whatever operation he was supposed to *shut down*.

**PANEL C: The vault door begins to swing open. Samson is facing Ross.**

SAMSON 7: I should really have some sort of *case* file that I can review first...

ROSS 8: Not necessary. *Trust* me, Samson...

**PANEL D: Ross gestures for Samson to enter.**

ROSS 9: ...you already have a nodding acquaintance with him.

**PANEL E: Angle on Samson, looking up in surprise.**

OFF PANEL 10: Well well well...we meet again under very different circumstances.

David/DESTRUCTION #1

**FULL PAGE: The Abomination is strapped into large restraint devices, the specific design of which I leave to you. Ross and Samson are looking up at him.**

ABOMINATION 1: Funny how things change, isn't it.

ROSS 2: Hilarious.

ABOMINATION 3: Yes.

**# # #**